EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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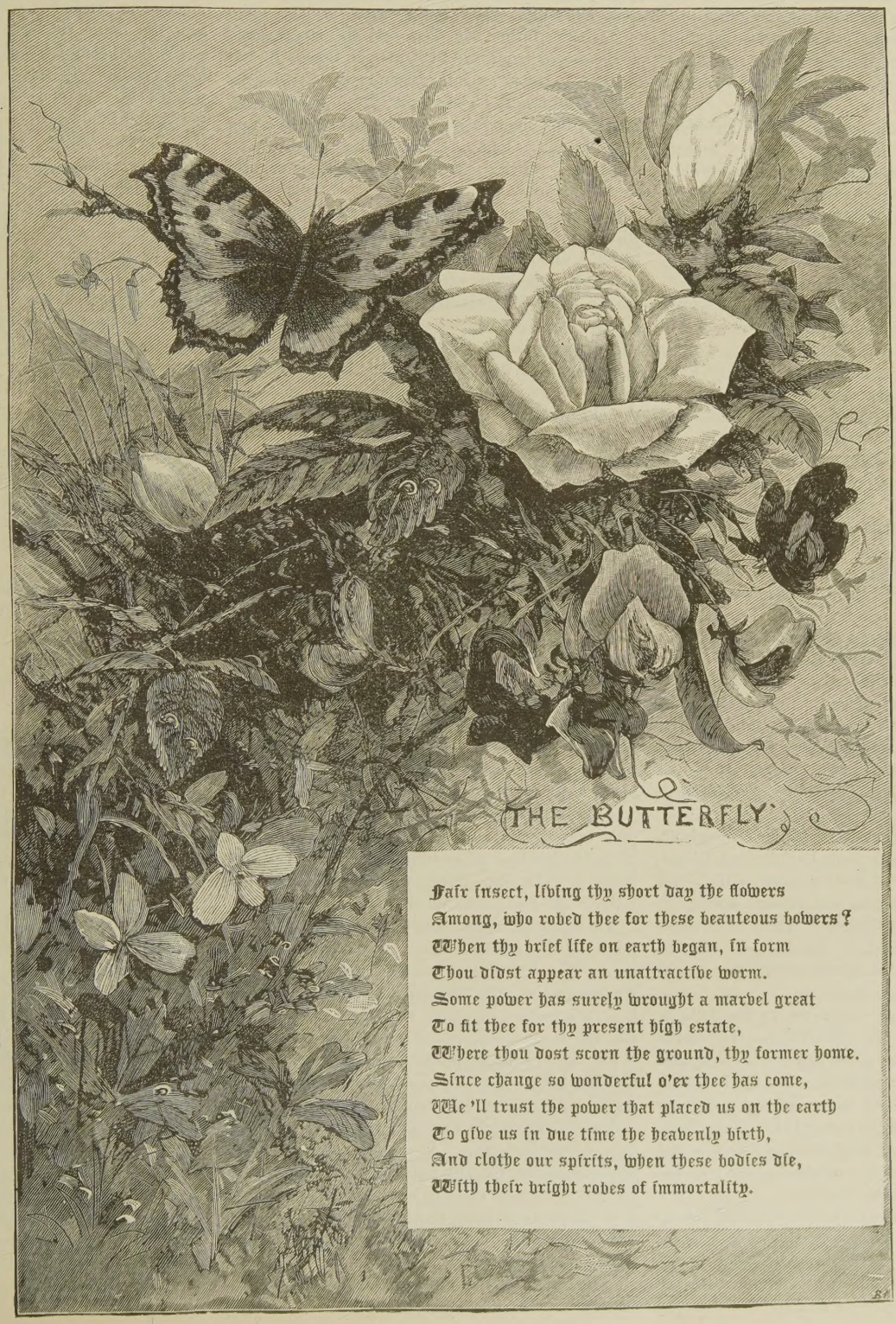


THE BUTTERFLY.

Fair insect, living thy short day the flowers
Among, who robed thee for these beauteous bowers?
When thy brief life on earth began, in form
Thou didst appear an unattractive worm.
Some power has surely wrought a marvel great
To fit thee for thy present high estate,
Where thou dost scorn the ground, thy former home.
Since change so wonderful o'er thee has come,
We 'll trust the power that placed us on the earth
To give us in due time the heavenly birth,
And clothe our spirits, when these bodies die,
With their bright robes of immortality.

FRIEDEL'S EASTER CAROL.

BY KATE L. BROWN.

Dedicated to E. U. E.

"FRIEDEL, mein kind, what aileth thee? Art thou ill? I like not that sober face on thee. Why dost thou not laugh and play as Fritz and Minna do?" asked Frau Berger, as she looked with pride upon the two apple-faced children rolling about the floor like so many kittens.

The wistful look in Friedel's great dark eyes deepened, and the tears gathered slowly, until the crystal reservoirs threatened an overflow.

"I want my mother, dear Frau, my heart so aches for her."

"Ah, mein kind, do not grieve! The dear mother is at rest and happy with your father. They are spared the trials of this sad world. Think, Friedel, would you wish them back again? Would you wish the little wife to spend long nights in toil, coughing as she did with every breath? Be comforted, my child; God is good, and he will never forsake thee."

"Yes, I know," said the boy, bravely; "he has given me friends, he has given me *thee*. I will try to be patient."

"That is my own good little man," said Frau Berger, beaming all over with kindness. "Now, mein kind, thou art tired and dull, go out and take a little walk; the air will do thee good. It is not cold to-day, though so near the blessed Christmas-tide."

"I think I will go," said Friedel, brightening. "I will take Fritz and Minna too."

"Never mind that, go by yourself," said the tired mother, generously; "you have enough of the rogues every day." So Friedel put on his old fur cap, and started out.

Meanwhile, Frau Berger went about her kitchen giving it a last tidying before she should sit down to read her German Bible, — the Sunday afternoon occupation never quite dropped in spite of increasing cares and a steadily growing family. As she worked, her thoughts went back to the old home 'neath the Dörienz lindens, that had faded from her loving gaze only a few short years ago.

She was Rosel Grimm, the miller's daughter, and Barbara Heide had been her dearest friend. Barbara was the school-master's only child, and a slender white lily among the plump, matter-of-fact young rustics of Dörienz. All felt her superiority, but none resented; for the girl was too meekly unconscious, too devoid of airs and graces to awaken envy.

There came a young musician to the village, to play the organ in the old church. He was a delicate, retiring man, absorbed in his art, and rather dreading than otherwise any familiar contact with the life about him. It was not long before Gottfried Clemens noticed the lovely white lily among the sturdier field flowers. It was not long before there was a mutual discovery to the effect that they loved each other.

In the course of time they married, and set up a very humble little home where Friedel's great dark eyes first saw the light. But the young musician was not fitted to struggle with the world. Its rough contacts chilled and terrified him. He had foes and rivals even in that small place, and one day his position was taken from him and given to another.

This was a severe blow to Gottfried Clemens. He loved the sunny little town, with its quaint seventeenth century gables peeping out from the lindens. He loved the cool, dim church where he had first seen his dear wife, and down whose ancient aisles his baby boy had been carried for baptism. He loved the far-off blue of the great mountain peaks, and the river winding to join the Danube. But now it must be given up.

One dull day in November Gottfried and his little family turned their faces to the city. There were some years of toil, heartache, and disappointment; then one day Barbara walked back into Dörienz clad in deep mourning, holding by the hand a shy boy of nine, whose great dark eyes were Gottfried's own.

Barbara's father had died, and she stood alone in the world; so it was to Rosel she turned in her trouble. Rosel had married Jacob Berger the wheelwright, and had become a stout, rosy housemother, her home fairly running over with sunny little faces, — Jacob, Heine, Lisa, Agnes, and Barbara, for Fritz and Minna had not as yet appeared upon the scene.

At this time Jacob Berger's mind was filled with a project. He was thinking of emigrating to the United States, where there was more room and wider opportunity for the poor man's children than in the older civilizations. Would Barbara go too? Barbara was alone and desolate; besides, she clung to her friends, and she had dreams for her child. So when the project became realization, Barbara shared it, and the two families left the old home together.

One sunny morning the party, fatigued, bewildered, and homesick, found themselves in the wonderful city by blue Lake Michigan, where so many of their countrymen have made their homes.

It was not easy for either family at first. Even Frau Rosel's laughing face grew very sober; and the little, blond, apple-cheeked children went to bed many a night with scant suppers. It was harder for Barbara than for her friend. She had no one to look to, and was already struggling with the disease that had proved fatal to so many of her family.

After the friends had been in the new world about twenty months the prospects of the Bergers began to brighten. Jacob obtained steady employment, with a chance of promotion, and the older children were in school.

A year or two went by, and the good fortune did not waver; but Friedel was motherless. Frau Berger had taken him at once into her own home. "He shall never want while Jacob and I live," she had promised the dying mother.

Thoughts of olden days filled the good Frau's mind as she sat with her German Bible on her lap. She was doing her best for Friedel; but she recognized that the same life that would cause her own sturdy blossoms to thrive was not the life for a sensitive, poetic nature like Friedel's. "He is like those flowers that fade soon after the plucking," said the good woman, making unconscious poetry of her homely, loving thoughts.

Friedel attended the public school with the four older Bergers. At first it was a painful experience, for the shy lad had never before left his mother's side to mingle with the busy world. But there were two great forces at work in his life through the school. Its principal was a magnetic, large-hearted woman, who believed enthusiastically in the educational power of good literature. So the pupils throughout the building were supplied with the best books suited to their respective ages, were encouraged to read them, and their interest was wonderfully aroused and sustained. A new world was opened to Friedel. He became a little book-worm, and alternately thrilled, glowed, or despaired with kingly souls. Evening after evening he read aloud to Jacob and his Frau until they were equally absorbed.

The school had another attraction, for music was well and thoroughly taught there; and Friedel, true child of his father, adored music. All his father's longing and passion seemed to have descended to him doubly intensified. Still, his music and his books seemed one. He never read a fine passage but—

> "He heard in his soul the music
> Of wonderful melodies."

And when he heard music it always recalled to him the noble thoughts of his favorite authors.

Friedel became happier as he walked down the long avenue. It was a mild day, and the road was filled with sleighs driving to and from the parks and boulevards. The blue lake dimpled in the pleasant winter sunshine, and people passed each other with smiling faces. The lad paused a moment on the steps of a church that he had often noticed on his walks to school. It was neither a grand nor imposing building; but somehow it gave one the impression of cheer and the true home feeling. Its doors seemed never closed, and one was always sure to see a boy or girl or even a number of them hanging about. Yes, even now one was running up the steps, a girl of fourteen, fresh and rosy in her dainty clothing, golden-haired, smiling, sweet-faced, — a charming little vision. She paused as she saw Friedel, and said, "Do you want anything, or perhaps you would like to come in to Sunday-school?"

Friedel drew back shyly, lifting his old cap. "I — I mean no harm—I only like to listen to the music," he stammered.

"Why, come in, come in," the girl said; "anybody can come in here." But Friedel drew back.

Hilda Courtenay hesitated; she did not like to fail in her efforts to please. But while she hesitated, the sound of a bell within seemed to settle the matter. "I must go now, it's time to begin," she said; "we are rehearsing for Christmas, and I have to sing alone. I wish you'd come in. No? well, good-by," and in a second more Friedel stood alone in the porch. Should he go on? Something seemed to keep him there. He heard the murmur of voices within, and after a while the sound of music. He pushed open the door and stole into the vestibule. It was very hearty, childish singing that he heard, toned into harmony by the full, mellow notes of the organ.

"That is like home. We sang that in the Fatherland," sighed the boy, well pleased as he listened at the half-closed door.

The childish chorus ceased, and after a short prelude came the full, clear tones of a single voice. It penetrated Friedel's heart with irresistible force. He pushed open the door noiselessly, and stood within the church. It was nearly filled with children listening as raptly as himself, and before the organ stood his golden-haired friend. "O holy night!" sang the lovely voice, with its under-tone of passionate feeling.

The great tears sprang to Friedel's eyes. His heart throbbed violently, and he stood there as if unable to move. Hilda sang on, pouring out her whole soul as some little lark spends itself in ecstasy, enwrapped in the folds of the bright morning clouds.

Friedel knew not that the song had died away,

and that crowds of children coming down the aisles were casting curious glances at him. It was only when a gay voice broke upon his ear with a "So you *did* come after all!" that he realized where he was, and what he was doing. He started for the door, but Hilda caught his hand entreatingly.

"Don't go, I did n't mean to startle you. Oh, Mr. Lyon, please make him stay. I have frightened him."

"Don't be afraid, my little man," said a deep, kind voice, "we are all friends here;" and looking up, Friedel saw the kindest face he had ever gazed upon. It was a noble head, with its close dark curls, and beneath the broad white brow smiled two brave blue eyes that looked as if they did not know what fear meant.

"Are — are you Saint Christopher?" stammered the child.

A gleeful smile like a swift sunbeam shone out from the kind face. "Hardly, my boy, though I try sometimes to carry other people's burdens. Hilda, my child, run away to your class, and tell Mr. Rivers I will be down by-and-by. Now, my man, tell me about it."

The church was at last emptied of its lively company; and the pastor drew the little boy down by his side in one of the softly cushioned pews. Friedel was not a communicative lad, but before he realized it, he was pouring out his heart to the big, kind-looking man beside him. He told it all, — that pathetic little story of loss and loneliness, of longing that could not be stilled. Somehow the minister's arm went about the frail child body, and something very like tears shone in the brave blue eyes.

"So you would be a musician, Friedel?" he said kindly.

"Oh, if I only could!" cried the child, the quick crimson staining his pale cheek.

"Well, we will see," said Mr. Lyon, thoughtfully; "be brave, my man, and never forget to trust the good God. He cares about it, laddie! He will do the best for you." So Friedel, without realizing it, came very near his heart's desire.

Mr. Lyon visited the Berger home, and came away delighted. Frau Rosel won his heart at once; and the seven little Bergers seemed an endless joke, for they were comically alike, being gradually lessening editions of the same apple-cheeked, flaxen-haired type.

One day soon after New Year's, Friedel was asked to visit the parsonage. He found himself in the presence of an odd-looking little man. "Friedel, this is Herr Mäienberg," said Mr. Lyon, "he is a musician, and can tell how much music there is in you." But Friedel's glance wandered past him to a grand piano that stood open at the other end of the apartment.

"Can you play, mein kind?" said Herr Mäienberg, kindly.

"I have not practised. I have scarce touched it since I leave Germany," answered the child, wistfully, "mamma could get me no piano."

"Go you and play," ordered the little man.

The child went forward with an odd hesitation, as if half dreading so delightful a privilege. He ran his fingers over the keys nervously, at first attempting only a few chords and brief running passages. Gradually he became composed, and struck into a flowing andante movement. His memory at times seemed to fail him; but the practised ear of the musician recognized that the child was supplying improvisations of his own, weaving them in so deftly that the symmetry of the whole was remarkably preserved. Herr Mäienberg nodded to the pastor, well pleased. He then took up a violin near him, and played a simple melody. The child caught it, and began to improvise upon the theme. "Mein vater had me do that," he cried gleefully, as his skilful little fingers developed and varied the melody, carrying it into several keys, and coming back to the original easily and with excellent harmony.

Then Herr Mäienberg seated himself at the piano, and began a plaintive melody. At first the child appeared confused and troubled. He seemed to be striving to bring something to mind. Suddenly he turned deadly pale, and burst into a flood of passionate tears. "Mein vater! mein vater!" he cried in piercing tones, while he staggered, and would have fallen had not Mr. Lyon's strong arm saved him.

Herr Mäienberg rose from the piano in triumph. "It is as I suspected. He is Gottfried Clemens's son, and he is a genius." In explanation he told Mr. Lyon more.

"We were all musicians together in L —— years ago," he explained, "and we were hard on Gottfried; but when he died we had sorrow for our pig-headedness. *He* was a genius; he would have been great with more years. That Slumber-Song I play, — it is his. Why, half Europe knows it."

"It was my 'Schlummerlied'" said the boy, brokenly, "mein vater composed it for my christening feast."

"He is a genius, — this boy," resumed the Herr, "he will be great one day in composition. Say, bubchen, wilt thou work hard, and one day be a great master? Wilt thou toil early and late, and eat the bread of sorrow and disappointment as thy father did, for the sake of thy art?"

"I will! I will! I will do what mein vater did," cried the boy, proudly, his great eyes flashing, and the color stealing up into his thin cheeks.

A new life dawned for Friedel. He still lived with the Bergers, and spent half a day in school. The other half was in the society of his "master," as he proudly called Mäienberg. There he learned many things relating to his beloved art. He practised upon the grand piano; he heard the masters interpreted; he improvised himself, and learned how to put his fancies on paper.

For some months the child seemed like one saturated with a strange, passionate life. His intense vitality impressed itself on all he did, and none came in contact with him who did not remark this.

The attendants at "The Church of the Elder Brother" soon became familiar with the earnest face in the pastor's pew; and the Sunday-school children came to know and love the gentle stranger whose little blond head was so full of harmonies, and whose skilful fingers could so well interpret them.

Friedel was gentle to all, but he shrank from a close association with other children. Some deep fascination, however, drew him in complete devotion to Hilda. Whether it was her rare voice, or the arch, winsome girl nature, it would be hard to decide.

Now, Hilda could sing with such pathos and intensity that few listened unmoved. But it must be confessed that apart from her singing she was a gay little Undine full of tricks and wiles. She loved to tease Friedel, and jest at his expense concerning his ambitious dreams. Friedel often looked at her with a curious wistful wonder, but never took offence; indeed, Hilda was too truly kind to give it.

Summer came with its scorching heats. The friends who loved Friedel saw with alarm that he drooped daily. At last Hilda's mother, persuaded by her pleadings, invited the boy to spend August with them at their summer home on the lake shore, about forty miles from the city.

The children literally ran wild. There were no tasks set; and long days were spent out of doors, rambling about, boating, berrying, bathing, and in the various sports dear to childhood.

In the fall Friedel returned home with rounder cheeks and a firmer step. Mäienberg greeted him with undisguised satisfaction, and nothing could persuade him that his pupil was not ripening into a vigorous youth. He was full of plans for him, and gave many lectures upon the use of his time and opportunities.

Friedel listened with his usual gentle grace. He worked hard, and seemed to enjoy his work; but to the vigilant eye of the pastor all was not right. He remembered the ardor and zeal which had distinguished the boy only a few short months before, and contrasted with it his present quietude. To him there was a gentle resignation in the boy's whole attitude, as if some beloved wish had been solemnly laid aside. It was difficult to form any conviction, as Friedel never complained, and worked with untiring patience.

Winter set in, and the Christmas feast again recurred. It was a dear anniversary to Friedel. How much had come to him in that year, — friends, opportunity, love, and companionship! As the spring approached, the children of "The Church of the Elder Brother" were much occupied. They had been studying with the pastor all winter, and at Easter a number were to be received as "children of the church." Hilda and Friedel were among them. Mr. Lyon believed fully in Hilda's innate nobility, but he was often pained by her light, jesting manner.

"Why do you wish to be received, Hilda?" he said to her one day rather reproachfully, "you are not often willing to be serious even on holy subjects."

Hilda colored, and the tears came into her eyes.

"Well," she said frankly, "you have made me believe in such things, and I love them. I know I 'm not good; but I want to come, and I 'll not disgrace the church."

From that day there was a new bond of sympathy between Hilda and her pastor, and the lively girl grew gentler and more thoughtful in many ways.

The church on Easter was to be decorated by the combined exertions of all the Sunday-school children. Many had been raising plants at home for the purpose; and quite a sum had been collected for cut flowers, that were to be given afterward to the hospitals. Friedel was much troubled. He had no money to buy flowers, and he so longed to give something in honor of the dear Christ. The child had been fighting a severe battle all by himself. It had come to him with a kind of instinct that he must indeed lay aside a precious hope. The battle had not been won all at once. There were sleepless nights, and quiet tears shed in the darkness. But somehow in it all, there had come a vision of a strong, tender friend. To the boy's poetic fancy it wore the garb of the Saint Christopher he had seen pictured in some Continental churches. Yet the face was that of his friend, the pastor, and still, somehow, it was the dear Christ's. Friedel seldom thought of one without being conscious of the others. At last an idea came to him. He had seen in foreign countries the variety of offerings laid upon the shrines, and his sensitive imagination was captivated. For days he turned the plan over in his head, and at last he made his attempt.

(*Continued on page* 118.)

Our Letter-Box.

The Editor would acknowledge notes from H. L., Newton Centre; M. L. R., Kennebunk; R. S. M., Jamaica Plain; B. B., Barre; and C. M., Revere; and he would remind Master Cyrus Hosmer that enigmas sent without their answers cannot be printed. He gives his readers this time a Letter-Box full of puzzles.

ENIGMA XXIII.

My first in *milk* is found, so pure and white;
My second in the *ink* with which I write;
My third is plainly seen in every *rose;*
My fourth is in the *pink,* as ev'rybody knows;
My fifth you 'll find with *Mary* and her *lamb* at play;
My sixth, in dazzling *marigolds,* so very bright and gay;
My whole you 'll find a prophetess.
And this the song she sang,—
O'er the dark sea securely passed
Her words of triumph rang:
"Sing to the Lord! sing to the Lord!
He triumphs gloriously;
The horses with their riders
Have vanished in the sea,
And Israel no more is bound,
But all her people free!"

C. R. Colby.

ENIGMA XXIV.

I am composed of 42 letters.

My 6, 39, 10, 2, 16, 40, 18, 28, is a very large animal.

My 5, 29, 17, 41, 1, 19, 8, is a large commercial city in the United States.

My 37, 33, 3, 11, 23, 13, is a mineral much used.

My 14, 12, 4, is an affirmative answer.

My 22, 35, 1, 26, 27, is a journal.

My 38, 25, 21, is a useful article.

My 36, 35, 31, is a mineral obtained from the island of Borneo.

My 34, 17, 32, 29, 15, is a time of rest.

My 7, 9, 20, 18, 41, 42, is a country in western Europe.

My 24, 6, 30, 39, is an article of dress worn usually out of doors.

My whole is a well-known proverb.

M. M. Snow.

ENIGMA XXV.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 17, 7, 19, 32, is used by carpenters.

My 30, 2, 23, 31, is an article of clothing.

My 33, 24, 13, 18, is what slaves desire to be.

My 10, 25, 5, 27, is used in making a shoe.

My 16, 11, 4, is a personal pronoun.

My 1, 3, 29, is what children play with.

My 14, 15, 25, 9, is either an adjective, a pronoun, or a conjunction.

My 6, 7, 26, 28, is something we eat at home.

My 20, 11, 22, 8, 31, 27, is something we drink from.

My 21, 19, 12, 18, is the bee's home.

My whole is one of the sayings of Jesus.

E. G.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN NO. XII.

Enigma XVI. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

Enigma XVII. Love is the fulfilling of the law.

For Youngest Readers.

A STORY OF EASTER EGGS.

BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

"FRANK, come here! See what I 've found."

The clear, bird-like tones rang through the old barn, and a pair of roguish brown eyes peered for an instant between the bars of bay Charlie's manger.

"Where are you?" called an eager boyish voice.

"This way — whoop!" And a plump little figure, in blue hood and coat, slid quickly down out of sight, and shook with laughter as Frank ran hither and thither, looking in every nook and corner, — everywhere but in the right place. Annie was kneeling in the crib, which was an old-fashioned one and quite large; a mow of hay on the other side screened her completely. But she could not resist bobbing up and down to peep through the bars, and Frank, whose patience was fast dwindling, caught a glimpse of the blue hood and brown eyes.

"See there!" She pointed to a corner of the manger. "I was sure Snowflake had a nest somewhere, because she cackles every day, but I could n't find it. Is n't it lucky? There are five eggs; we can take four, and we 've six already from the other nests. And you know Mamma said if we could find enough to-day, she would color them for us this evening. It 's my ownty-downty hen too."

"How do you know it 's Snowflake's nest?" Frank asked.

"Because I know where all the others are," the little girl answered. "Mottle and Brownie and Daisy are over on that mow, and Jet is in the corner by the cow's stall. Spot is up there over Charlie's head, and Crinkle is in the old sleigh. So it must be Snowflake, don't you see?"

Frank admitted the point.

"But will Mamma like to have you take those, Annie?" he asked, as she was lifting them, one by one, all but the nest-egg, and laying them in her basket.

"Why not? She sent us to bring in the eggs, did n't she?"

"Yes, but don't Snowflake want to sit?" Annie laughed merrily.

"Sit — at Easter-time? Why, Frank, of course not; or if she does want to, she must n't. They 'd hatch out too early, don't you see? The chicks would n't thrive."

And with her basket carefully poised on her arm, she took up the line of march pantry-wards.

True to her promise, Mamma colored the eggs; and the children enjoyed watching the process. Mamma had pretty ways of decorating Easter eggs. She not only colored some blue, others buff, pink, and crimson, but sometimes gummed on bright little pictures, — a white dove on a blue surface, a bunch of cherries or spray of roses on a white egg; and then arranged them in a basket or dish, so as to bring the various colors into contrast.

The children were not selfish in their pleasure. Two of the prettiest eggs were laid aside for a little lame girl, and gave her a great surprise and pleasure. A crimson egg and one of orange hue were given to Jim, — a small colored boy who was wood-chopper and errand-boy for the neighborhood in general. They caused him forthwith to stand on his head, and expand his mouth almost from ear to ear in a series of ecstatic chuckles and grins.

"Mamma," said Annie, "would n't Grandma like some Easter eggs? May I carry them?"

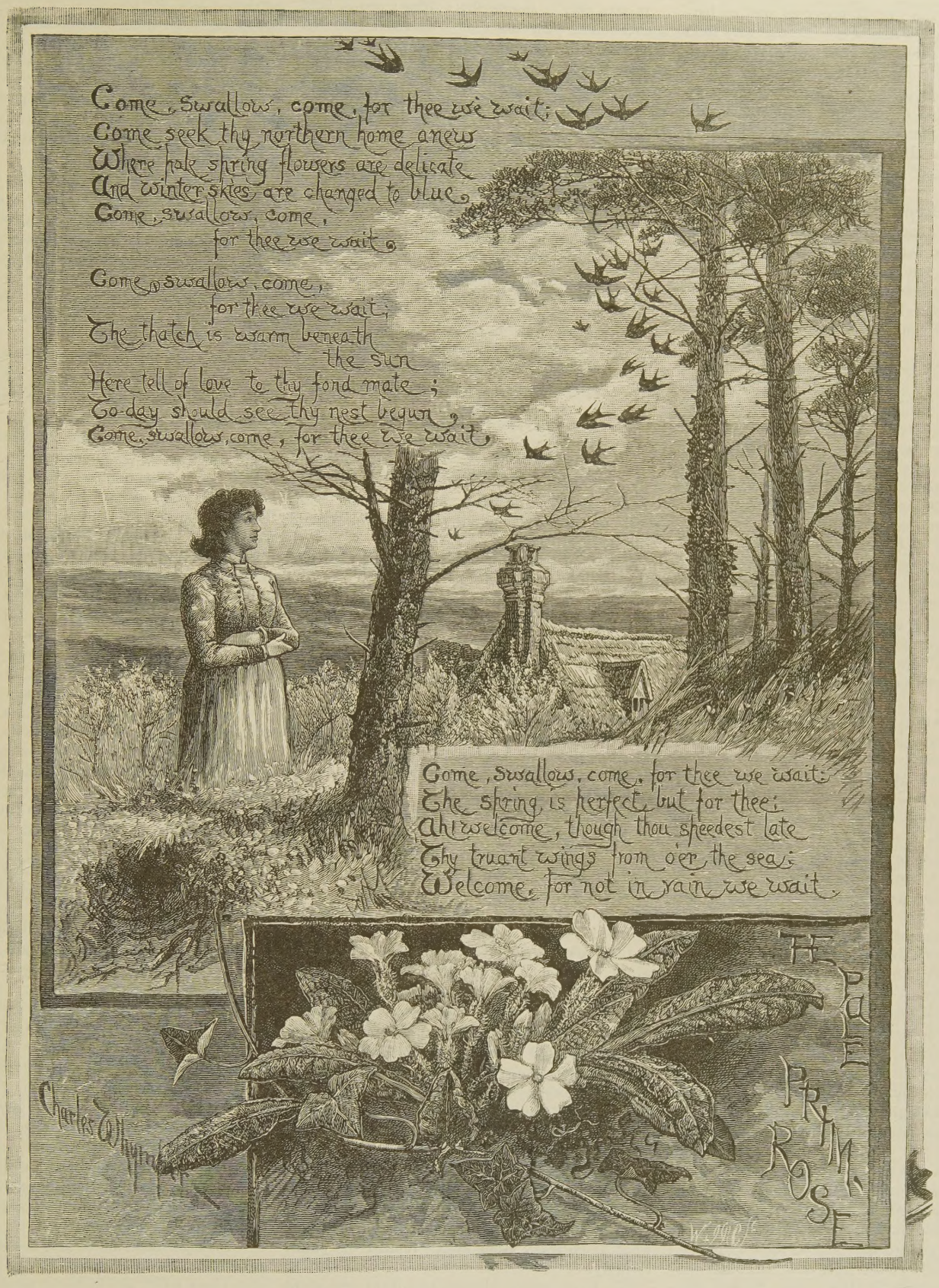
The mother looked pleased.

"Yes, dear," she answered, "I am sure she would. You may choose two or three of your colored ones to put in the basket, but I think it will be best to send mostly white eggs without cooking. She is very fond of fresh eggs for her breakfast. So if you will be very careful, and remember that they are not boiled, you may carry them. Frank may go too, if he likes."

Grandma was much pleased. Her sitting-room was very cosy and pleasant. She always kept an open fire in the grate; and as she sat beside it in her light rocker, with a child on each side, she told them the significance of an egg.

"You know," she said, "how the hen sits patiently three weeks, keeping her eggs warm, that they may hatch. As the egg has in it a new life, which we cannot see, and after a time of quiet and warmth and brooding, the chick bursts the shell and comes out a living creature, so our souls, brooded over by God's great love, when at his call they cast off the mortal part will rise to a brighter life, in a new and better world. The butterfly, bursting its brown cocoon, where it has lain, silent and seemingly worthless, spreading its wings in the blue air, and gathering sustenance from the flowers, is another Easter symbol. Christ's resurrection was the promise and forerunner of our own."

The children said they understood and would remember. When they went home, Grandma advised them to leave the basket till another time, but did not say why; they thought she was tired, and did not care to take out the eggs that night. Two days later she sent home the basket, with the cover securely tied down. In it was a beautiful little kitten, with fur white as snow and soft as velvet. Annie was delighted, and called the new pet her Easter daisy.


Come, Swallows, come, for thee we wait;
Come seek thy northern home anew
Where pale spring flowers are delicate
And winter skies are changed to blue.
Come, swallows, come,
for thee we wait.
Come, swallows, come,
for thee we wait;
The thatch is warm beneath
the sun
Here tell of love to thy fond mate;
To-day should see thy nest begun,
Come, swallows, come, for thee we wait.
Come, Swallows, come, for thee we wait:
The spring is perfect but for thee;
Ah! welcome, though thou speedest late
Thy truant wings from o'er the sea;
Welcome, for not in vain we wait.
THE PALE PRIMROSE
Charles Whymper

(*Continued from page* 115.)

Friedel had the gift of poesy as well as harmony, although few knew it. He was very fond of setting down his thoughts, but shy of allowing others to see the results. He wrote a little poem, and set it to music, and after many attempts succeeded in making a clear and beautiful copy on a piece of white vellum Mäienberg had given him. He tied it with a bit of white satin ribbon, and laid it away among his few treasures.

It was the Saturday afternoon before Easter, and the pastor had met his boys and girls to have a last talk before the exercises of the morrow. Friedel was among them, but looking so wan that the pastor's heart gave a great throb of alarm. After the class had been dismissed, Hilda followed Mr. Lyon to the study with an air of great mystery.

"I want to show you something," she said; "I found this in my harmony book that Friedel returned to me a week ago. I really believe he wrote it all himself. I used to find bits last summer that he had written, and I plagued him about them too," she added frankly.

Mr. Lyon took the paper, and his eyes filled with tears as he read the pathetic words.

"Can you sing the air, Hilda?"

"Oh, yes, I've been singing it all the week;" and Hilda began to hum. Just then there was a knock at the door, and May the sexton appeared with a little white roll in his hand.

"I was fixing the cross on the front of the font," he began, "and I found this slipped in behind the calla lilies."

Mr. Lyon opened the roll, then handed it to Hilda.

"He meant it as his Easter offering," she said in a trembling voice, while great tears hung on her long lashes.

"Put it back, May, just where you found it," said the pastor, very gently.

Easter morning dawned fair and sunny. The church was one bower of beauty; but sweeter than lilies or roses were the faces of the earnest children. Very joyous were the Easter carols, and full of hope the pastor's earnest words. When he stood with his boys and girls about him, he looked more than ever the faithful shepherd that he was. Very beautifully and tenderly he spoke of the significance of the step they were taking.

"My children," he said, "you will learn from many sources of wisdom in your life journey; but you will find no deeper, sweeter wisdom, or more profound philosophy than in the heart of the Christ. I bid you know his spirit and make it your own. The more you drink of it the tenderer and more godlike you will grow, the more fully will it lead you into communion with all high, noble, and strong things. It is greater power to be like Christ than to rule an earthly kingdom."

As the pastor said this, he caught Friedel's dark eyes fixed upon him; and something in their solemn glow told him that his words had awakened a response in at least one faithful little heart.

The exercises were nearly over when the pastor rose and spoke of the various Easter offerings, and for what uses they were intended.

"We have one gift which seems sweetest of all," he said tenderly, "for it reveals not only the dear heart of the giver, but it is a union of two great powers, — poesy and song. You all know the author. His little life is of interest to us, and we look forward with hope to his future."

Then Hilda rose, and after a few soft chords Friedel's Easter carol stole forth clearly on the air.

It was only a simple little thing; but it held such a tender yearning that it moved all hearts. Hilda sang with even more than usual of her passionate fervor. Her heart was full of sympathy for the lonely child; and that sympathy breathed out sweetly in not only her voice but her sweet face as well.

FRIEDEL'S EASTER CAROL.

Lily white of Easter days,
Sweetly bloom in his dear praise.
Thou hast risen from the sod,
From the cold and stony clod;
Lily white, his flower be,
Christ the Master rose with thee.

Skylark singing in the dawn
Sweetly at the gates of morn,
Tell the message far and wide
Of the joyous Eastertide.
Grass blades, burst your winter prison,
Tell the world our Lord has risen.

Lily, skylark, sing for me,
Let thy song my carol be.
I am weary; pain is mine,
And I long for strength divine,
Strength to follow, if I may,
My dear Lord, who rose this day.

The children crowded about Friedel with words of praise and admiration; but he turned wearily from them.

"I am so tired," he said pathetically to the pastor at his side.

"Well, dear boy, you shall stay with me the rest of the day," said Mr. Lyon, cheerily. "Friedel is not well, children, and we must not weary him."

"Thanks to you all," said the child, gratefully, a lovely smile lighting up his wan face; then he turned and followed his friend.

It was a happy day. First came the nice dinner; but the child ate only a little, and leaned wearily back in the great dining-chair. At four the pastor went to his mission school, leaving Friedel on the sofa, the white pussy curled up at his side. He was not lonely; he loved every object in that dear room, and each seemed a friend. He fell asleep at last, and dreamed that he stood on the shores of a troubled sea. He must cross its angry waves, and terror seized the little heart. But a hand took his own, and the voice of his loved pastor said, "Don't be afraid, our friend is almost here." Then he saw a form coming through the waves, and as it drew nearer he saw how the two faces smiled upon each other as if well acquainted. He felt himself lifted in strong arms, then all his fear vanished, and things seemed quite safe and right.

Friedel awoke with a start, and saw bending over him the face he loved best on earth. "*Why!*" he said happily, "have *you* come to take me? Has *he* come?"

"I have come to see my little friend," said Mr. Lyon, smiling. "I am glad you had such a nice nap. Were you lonely?"

"Oh, no, I never could be lonely here; I never want to go away from thee," replied the child, lovingly.

Mr. Lyon seated himself, and drew the child into his arms. "I think I must have you with me," he said. "I am all alone, Friedel, and I need you. Will you stay?"

"Yes, I will stay, mein vater; I love you so my heart aches with its love. You have taught me so many things. I have learned through you what power is. Once I wanted to do great things and make the world stare. I was selfish. I wanted my music because I was hungry for it, but I never thought of using it well. You are great and strong, mein vater, but you lay all at Christ's service. You do for other people. You care not to make wonders. I will be like thee, mein vater." Then he told his friend of the dream. "Will you take hold of my hand when he comes?"

"Yes, dear child," replied the pastor, huskily, "but perhaps I shall go first, and *you* will lead *me*. Let us hope to do much of the Master's work before the time comes."

There was a vesper service in the church that evening, but Friedel was too tired to go, and Mr. Lyon sent word to Frau Berger that he should keep him all night. Friedel remained quite contentedly. He felt brighter, and it was very sweet to hear the music from the church close by.

Hilda came in after vespers to bid him good-night. "We were all proud of you to-day, Friedel," she said kindly.

"Hilda, *you* will do the grand things. I used to want to, but I never shall. Remember to make the grand things like what Mr. Lyon told us to-day."

Hilda was silent a moment, then said with sweet seriousness, "I *am* going to try, Friedel."

She rose to go, but the child held her hand. "Why, Friedel, what do you want? What do those big eyes say? Actually, I believe the child wants me to kiss him! Why, you little goose! I won't even kiss my brothers after they are five, except on birthdays, and then you should see the little pecks Jack and Rob and I give each other. Well, you are so good I suppose I must be gracious." And with the airs of a queen dispensing her favors, Hilda stooped and gave Friedel a friendly kiss. "Good-night, Friedel, you must rest until you are well again."

"Good-night, dear Hilda," said the boy, his eyes following longingly the radiant little vision.

A while later Mr. Lyon was called to attend a dying man. Friedel was left in the housekeeper's charge. It was nearly sunrise when the pastor returned. He sought at once the little room next his own, where the child lay, and bent anxiously over him. Suddenly the great dark eyes opened, and a faint little voice said, "Have you come to take my hand, mein vater?" He took the tiny fingers in his own, and held in that strong embrace the little stranger set out upon that unknown journey. But the night shades had departed, and even as in the quiet chamber his face was set toward the dawning.

Years have passed, and the girl Hilda is a queenly, gracious woman. She has done some of the great things; her wonderful voice has given delight to thousands of admiring listeners. But she is a truer, sweeter Hilda than in the oldtime days. She has used her great gift for the good of others, rather than for her own glory. In hospital wards and children's Homes, in the crowded city missions, and in the lonely rooms of invalids is the glorious voice oftenest heard. To the sick, the discouraged, the sinful, and the weary has it brought light and comfort.

It is Easter once more, and the church is filled as of old. New little faces are in the children's seats; and while the spirit of peace shines from the brave blue eyes, there are silver threads in the pastor's dark curls. Once more the silvery tones float upon the air. Once more Friedel's Easter carol sings itself into the waiting hearts. But the thoughts of the singer are far away. She sees once more a little fair-haired boy and an impetuous, wilful girl. And in the strains of the song her heart cries out into the infinite, "Have I done well? It is all for *thee*, oh, my brother!

A Page of Poetry.

[With this EASTER number of our paper we present our readers with five original poems; and we advise those who sometimes search for poetry suitable for recitation at a Sunday-school concert or festival to save the paper for future reference. — THE EDITOR.]

THE COMING OF SPRING.

BY CARO A. DUGAN.

WHAT makes the children so happy
All over the land to-day?
Why, "Spring, dear Spring, is coming!"
The breezes and sunshine say.

She has thrown us some fair white snowdrops,
A bonnie bright crocus or two,
And tipped all the willows with silver,
So we know the story is true.

Full soon in our midst we shall greet her,
So swift are her coming feet;
And the brooks will run wild with laughter,
The meadows be green and sweet.

She will smile on the humble clover
Till it blushes in glad surprise,
And bend, that the timid violet
May mirror the blue of her eyes.

She will twine rosy apple-blossoms
Round orchard boughs gnarled and old,
And toss the fields full of white daisies
And the buttercup's shining gold.

Then sing out, O happy children!
A carol of welcome sing!
With gladness and love we greet her,
The beautiful, laughing Spring!

TRUST.

BY FLETCHER READE.

FROM deep within the mould,
Where, damp and cold,
The flowers hide their feet
Till snow and sleet
Shall pass them by,
A daisy shy
Lifted her snooded head,
Green-covered.

And soon, not over bold,
Her heart of gold
She did disclose, her hood
Threw off, and stood
With lint-white tresses spread
About her head,
Turning to heaven her face
For added grace.

If thus in sun and shower
A simple flower,
Fearless through all the days,
Her head can raise,
Shall we not trust our fate,
Early and late,
To Him who holds us dear,
Fearing to fear?

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

GOD does not send us strange flowers every year:
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces.
It all comes back, — the odor, grace, and hue;
Each sweet relation of its life repeated.
No blank is left, no looking for is cheated;
It is the thing we knew.

So after the death-winter it must be:
God will not put strange signs in the heavenly places;
The old love shall look out from the old faces.

ANON.

THE CHILD AND THE VIOLET.

BY CELESTIA R. COLBY.

LITTLE white violet, down in the glen,
Where did you come from? Where have you been,
Sweet little violet, pure as the light,
With your thin robe of snow and your face so bright?

Your bed of mosses is soft and green, —
The daintiest couch that ever was seen;
But tell me whence, O violet fair,
From what bright land you wandered there?

Not from the earth, so hard and cold,
Brave little blossom, sweet and bold,
Did you come; but down from above,
From the heaven of beauty and joy and love.

Have you seen in that home a baby dear, —
A blue-eyed darling that dwelt with us here,
And left us sorrowful one dark, cold night,
With its thin, wan face so strangely white?

Shall I hear him again in his prattle and play,
When the flowers are all out and the meadows are gay?
Shall I clasp again that dear little hand,
And lead him forth o'er the pleasant land?

"Ah, violets come and violets go,
Finding a home 'neath the winter's snow;
But He who 'doeth all things well'
Keeps us safe, — that is all I can tell.

"And somewhere above, in the mansions fair,
Earth's human blossoms are under His care.
They never can wander beyond His sight,
But dwell with Him ever in realms of light."

THE OLD QUESTIONS.

BY M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

THE baby boy, clasped in his mother's embrace,
Beholds the new world in gladsome surprise;
And learning to speak, he puts into words
The wonderful thoughts that lie deep in his eyes.

'Tell me," he queries, "how apples grow round,
Catching their streaks from the sunshine and showers?
How do the thrushes and bobolinks sing?
How do sweet perfumes get into the flowers?"

Inwove with the lines of the nursery tales
His fancy more marvellous tales can descry;
Within every toy there's another toy hid,
More subtle and charming than silver can buy.

No answer suffices his problems to solve,
While fresh ones arise as the days come and go;
And he only can comfort himself as he thinks,
"By study and travel these things I shall know."

In the strength of his manhood he gathers from books
All the stores of wisdom that scholars can teach;
He circles the continents, searches the skies,
Attaining all summits that mortals can reach;
But still the old questions unanswered remain;
He never finds out to his life's latest hours
How the apples grow round, nor how the birds sing,
Nor how the sweet perfumes get into the flowers.

And shall earth stay the quest? The spirit that seeks
Beyond its low learning, its impulses dim,
To new heights of being unfettered shall rise,
And walk in His light and find answer in Him.

WHAT HAVE YOU BROUGHT?

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

"WHAT have you brought, O butterfly fair,
As, flitting about in the summer air,
You have plumed your beautiful, colored wings
Where the flowers bloom and the robin sings?"

"I've looked on the flowers with loving eye,
And the bee I have seen with laden thigh;
But nothing have done, and nothing brought,
For ease and pleasure are all I have sought."

"O busy bee, whose hum I have heard,
A bass to the alto of singing bird,
What precious gift have you brought your queen
From the clover blooms and meadows green?"

"The palace wherein my queen doth dwell
Is deftly furnished with many a cell;
And I to-day have some of them filled
With crystal drops from clover distilled."

"O ship that cometh from distant land,
Breasting the wave so gallant and grand,
I would see the treasures you have in store,
Carefully gathered from foreign shore."

"I have nuts and spices down in my hold,
Laces and silks and nuggets of gold;
I have fruits that grew in heathen lands,
And diamonds washed from Indian sands."

I see in the world so bright and fair,
'Mid the pomp of life and fashion's glare,
Full many a one who, if asked to-day,
What have you done for the Master? would say, —

"The summer is gone and the harvest past;
My butterfly life is ending at last.
I nothing have done and nothing have brought;
For ease and pleasure are all I have sought."

But some there be who have wrought full well,
And have filled their lives, as the bee its cell,
With sweetness gathered along the way,
Till they see the dawn of the perfect day.

I see in many a humble life,
That has passed through storms with dangers rife,
Far richer treasures than sailors bring
To fill the coffers of merchant or king.

O soul that nearest the promised land,
What hast thou brought for the Master's hand?
Should he come to thee and ask thee to-day,
Is there only this that thou could'st say? —

"The summer is gone and the harvest past;
My butterfly life is ending at last.
I nothing have done and nothing have brought;
For ease and pleasure are all I have sought."

No! saith the Lord, the hour is past, we go;
Our home, our life, our duties, lie below;
While here we kneel upon the mount of prayer,
The plough lies waiting in the furrow there.
Here we sought God that we might know His will;
There we must do it, serve Him, seek Him still.

THE WANDERING JEW.

BY E. S.

This mythical traveller has been invested with a great deal of additional interest by Gustave Doré's marvellous illustrations of the wild legend, making a deep impression on the dullest imagination. The legend seems to have originated in a passage of Scripture (John xxi. 22), where Jesus says of John: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me." Because of these words of the Master the saying became current among the brethren that "this disciple should not die." The current legend, however, is that the Wandering Jew is one Ahasuerus, a shoemaker of Jerusalem: and that when the Saviour wished to rest, on his way to Golgotha, on the step of this man's shop, Ahasuerus drove him away with reviling epithets. Another legend says that the Wandering Jew was Pilate's door-keeper, Cartaphilus, who gave Jesus a blow on his back as he led him out of the judgment-hall, saying, as the Jews dragged Jesus forth, "Go quicker, Jesus! Why do you loiter?" Jesus looked back upon him with a severe countenance, and said to him, "I am going; but you shall wait till I return." Accordingly, as Jesus said, this Cartaphilus is still wandering over the world, awaiting the Saviour's coming. At the time of the Crucifixion the wanderer was thirty years old; and when he arrives at the age of a hundred, he always returns to the age of thirty. Impostors have at times taken advantage of this legend, and so recently as the last century traded upon it and gave themselves out as the veritable Wandering Jew. As is generally the case with charlatans, there were not wanting persons who were ready to believe in these impostors.

According to another legend, the Wandering Jew is identified with the Gypsies; or rather that strange race is supposed to be living under a curse put upon them in like manner to that which was laid on Ahasuerus, because they refused shelter to the Virgin Mary and her child when they fled into Egypt. Tradition also connects the Jew with the Wild Huntsman, who is believed by the simple peasant folk of Germany to gallop at break-neck speed through the wild-mountain passes of the Harz district whenever there is a storm. At such times the people exclaim, "The Wild Hunter rides to-night!" and quaking with fear, huddle closer round the fireside; for the Huntsman is said to bring disaster to all who look upon him. It is said, also, that the Wandering Jew was one who had refused our blessed Saviour a drink out of a horse-trough, contemptuously pointing out to him the hoof-print of a horse, where water had collected, and bidding him quench his thirst in that. In some parts of France the peasantry attribute the sudden roaring of a storm to the passing of the Everlasting Jew, as they call him. The Jew is said to believe that God's design in thus driving him over the world unceasingly, in this miserable, never-resting life, is to preserve him as a living token, so that the godless and the unbelieving may be reminded of the death of Christ and be turned to repentance. On his part he would gladly rejoice were the Lord to allow him to depart from this vale of tears, so at least old writers tell us he has said in his conversations with those whom he has met and talked with. Many other curious facts might be written in regard to this strange wanderer.

Men exist for the sake of one another. Teach them, then, or bear with them.

Teachers' Department.

THE TEACHER'S THREE "I'S."

No. 3. — Inspire.

In former numbers of our paper (see Nos. IV. and VI.) we considered two of The Teacher's Three "I's," — namely, *Interest* and *Instruct*. Interest is to be awakened and sustained in order that instruction may be given with profit to the pupil. Instruction is to be kept in mind as the first duty of every teacher. He may do more than teach, but his chief work is that of teaching. The question, however, remains, To what end is all this instruction? Is it not to rouse the conscience, to cultivate the religious sentiment, to produce right feelings, and so to stimulate the growth of holy character? Then must the teacher be inspiring as well as interesting and instructive. He must teach with a contagious enthusiasm, and kindle in his pupils' minds the sacred flame that burns within himself. How shall he do this?

1. Let him realize that without enthusiasm for his work he will get no good for himself from his teaching. There *is* a reward to the good teacher, which he may rightfully seek. No better way of knowing any subject well can be devised than that of teaching it. The work of Sunday-school teaching is a means of grace for the teacher, — a help to right living, a quickener of moral and religious growth. But the condition of receiving this help is to do the work heartily "as unto the Lord," and with a genuine "love of souls." The teacher must be inspired by the truths he teaches or he will fail even to get good, still more to give good, by his teaching.

2. Let him remember that true enthusiasm in a teacher is born of a thorough knowledge of that which is taught. It was Kepler, the profound student of the laws of planetary motion, who broke forth in those inspiring words: "O God, I think thy thoughts after thee!" Inspirational power comes of the clear vision and the right understanding of truth. "Only the true scholars in any science grow enthusiastic over its glories and grandeurs."

3. Let the teacher add to his knowledge of the truths he teaches a fervent love of his pupils. There is no such quickening force as love of persons. The children you teach are, in spite of faults and failings, lovable beings, to be dealt with affectionately. Make them feel that you are actuated by the love that suffers long and is kind. They may resist your direct appeals; but an all-enduring love is irresistible.

4. Work for results. Firing random shots into the empty air begets no enthusiasm. Aim at the target and strive to hit the mark. Let the difficulty of rousing this indifferent pupil, or of reaching that pupil's sluggish mind, stimulate your efforts. That self-stimulation will make itself felt as a quickening power in all that you do for your class.

5. Be "instant in prayer." How often must the earnest teacher cry out with quaint George Herbert: —

> "My stock lies dead, and no increase
> Doth my dull husbandry improve;
> Oh, let thy graces, without cease,
> Drop from above!"

We need the dews "from above" to keep our hearts' love fresh and sweet. Only then, when the springs of the teacher's life are deep "hid with Christ in God," will their pure currents flow into the lives of his pupils, — a gladdening and a quickening influence, making the desert to blossom as the rose.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

The March meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Union was devoted to a symposium on the subject, How to teach the Bible Histories. Prof. E. Emerton, of the Cambridge Divinity School, and Reverends H. G. Spaulding, H. N. Brown, and E. H. Hall, discussed the topic from different view-points of method and application. A fine musical service preceded the debate.

The Unitarian Sunday-school at Kansas City, Mo., is increasing its membership and its interest under the superintendence of Mr. F. G. Trestrail. Fifty copies of Every Other Sunday are taken by the school.

A second series of Biblical tableaux was given in West Newton, on the evening of March 9, by the pupils of the Unitarian Sunday-school, under the direction of the well-known poet, Miss Louise Imogene Guiney.

One of the largest and most active of the Unity Clubs is the Starr King Unity Club of Hudson, Mass. The work of the Club during the past season has been of two kinds: first, the study of Colonial history; and secondly, the study of musical masters. The musical studies have been illustrated by vocal and instrumental music. The Hudson parish and Sunday-school have a large number of intelligent and willing workers. Each one contributes something, and the result is a notable work in the line of intellectual and æsthetical culture.

The course on "Ethics," which Rev. Francis Tiffany has been giving in the series of Lecture-talks to teachers at Channing Hall, has been well attended. The lectures have been of exceptional interest and value. In his first lecture Mr. Tiffany said, among other things: "We are living in what may be called a *dynamic* age. We see the universe alive with energy. Our mind does not go out to the sun so much as the sun comes to our mind, to rouse it to look at him. The whole outward world impresses us by its ceaseless energy, compelling us to think, and forcing us to compare our theories with the facts. It is precisely so in the human world. Our affections do not grow of themselves. Their growth is stimulated by the love that is incarnated in other hearts, and that energizes our love." Mr. Tiffany dwelt with emphasis upon the fact that dormant evil passions are often roused to fearful energy in the case of men who have been well brought up and well trained in the knowledge of ethics. "The stimulus of what is evil in man's environment upon the latent evil in his nature explains the frequent moral tragedies of life. Drink and greed ruin men, because they are alluring and enticing. The hope of salvation comes from the equally patent fact that man is something more than a creature of passion. He is the promise and potency of a moral unity. He judges action, and pronounces the verdicts of might and right. The man who feels the allurement of greed or of drink can yet see the blessedness that comes from self-control, from high thinking, and unselfish living. The universe backs up man's moral judgments. As teachers of the young, we must see to it that what is pronounced the right is made the strongest motive."

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